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TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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III. LINES 'IN MEMORIAM.'
IV. THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GARBAS: Concluded.
V. STANZAS: 'A THRENODIA,'
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XII. STANZAS: 'AWAKENED MEMORIES,'
XIII. THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPPER, Esq.
XIV. THE POETS: A FRAGMENT.
XV. A CHAPTER ON RATS.

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3. New Publications, New Music, Etc.

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CHAPTER X.

THE SOUND-BOAT AND NEWPORT.

COME unto me ye Wasps for I need ye—come hither in headlong swarmy flight and hover around my pen. Not ye—impish specral devilkins of the Stingers of ALPHONSE KARR—though indeed your twinging satirical tail-daggers with venom would not be out of place to stir up some of the Torpid Ones who bear their impenetrable provinciality and eternal leather hided self-content even unto glorious Newport. *Evoè Bacchus!* I see its white hotels gleaming before me! But come, ye jovial Wasps of old cosmopolite ARISTOPHANES!—on the whole ye'll suit me better than those of the great French Karricaturist—for *your* great Magician, oh Greek dreams, cast all things divine and human together, in one everlasting mess—sputtering, blending, charoscuring and mashing Gods and Men into a sparkling rainbowed plug-muss—and it is very much such an omnium gatherum, which is presented by the great old Newport, above which I, even now hover like an albatross on the wing.

Oh Reader—you'd better believe it—*there* in Newporte is indeed a righte fayre land and merrie citie by the sea where they have highe old tymes whan that ye season cometh to a heade. There one hath all kyndes of funn, frolic, pleasantrie, drollerie, jocounde games, laughter, playes, gambolls, rompes, prankes, heydayes, feastes, carousalls, banquetts, wassaile, jollitie, jovialtie, maskings, festivales, jubilies, shines, parties, merrie-makynges, bees, rejoycinges, galas, supperes, balls, dinneres, revelries, carnivalls, saturnalias, quaint devilries, and other daintie disportyngs wherein youthes and damosells doe commonly finde them solace and cheere. That is no smalle-beer or slopps of a towne I'le warrant ye. There is no discounte on that place. 'Tis all oake.

Back at Gramercy Park House—slept all day—grand house for sleeping and comfort—quiet as a divinity student among fast men—lulled by ever dropping fountain showers and trees rustling. Turned out in afternoon for boat—WIDOW there—bright and sparkling as ever, BLANCHE and Captain DICK set up exceedingly. RANDOLPH and I had to take bridal state-room, for want of worse—roars of fun from WIDOW—compromised by giving it up to her and BLANCHE—paid solemn visit of ceremony with Captain DICK to the birds in the cage—poked our cards through slats—were informed that Missus wus dressin' an' would be down d'reckly—were duly received and as usual under all circumstances had as much sky-larking and laughter as size of room would allow, without exploding.

Remarkable feature of Captain DAMBANGER'S moral character, that without carrying much baggage, he always had everything in it. Hard up for day of month—CAP had pocket almanac pasted in his hat—hard up for chairs in bridal crib—DICK had camp stool in a stick, handy. All at home?—LORD!—such ducks are always home. Steamboat or balloon—all's one to the COSMOPOLITE—and our flock had some of that same—with capsicum. As for WIDOW—(and BLANCHE was of the same stripe)—I believe if she'd been going up in balloon, she'd have had her little fixings out, and little things hung round in five minutes, so you'd think she'd grown up there from infancy, and meant to die there. DICK said he'd once been with BLANCHE in railroad collision. Awful papers. Timber crashed, people darting through air, steam, death, crush, smash, havoc, busting, ravaging, banging, rooting-up, ruin, perdition and (not to produce false impression) old thunder gen'rally speaking. Tore several massy beams assunder—lifted three entire rail-road cars by one stupenderous effort—saved numerious lives and went rooting round for BLANCHE—saw pile of sticks and ruins—looked under—found a sort of newly made phantom bower, in which BLANCHE was arranging window curtain, and hanging up wreaths of roses—reckoning on passing the night there!

"On the strength of *that*, Captain DAM——" WIDOW always looked intently at DICK as if singularly magnetised by these narratives "on the strength of *that* —— BANGER, let's——"

There was a rum-maging in a grand, leather, silver-mounted travelling-sack of superb Oriental make—WILLIE used to own sometimes to having violently fascinated ACHMET YUSEF PACHA for it—and brought out a darling little antique bottle of rich quaint Venice glass, covered with odd gem-like points like eyes, between which ran gold thread network.

"It's *Chartreuse*," quoth WIDOW WILLY, smiling freshly and merrily as a child, delighted at having a surprise for its parents—"it's the best Chartreuse—indeed it is—and you don't know how good. Come BLANCHE—try a little weeny drop!"

And so we all tried a weeny drop—and WIDOW took some of her own medicine—"as long as we were upon the Sound"—and Captain DICK, who was incautious enough to admire the bottle, had to work very hard to avoid accepting it as a present—WILLY would have given, any day, if not exactly the shirt from her precious little back, at least the last one out of her trunk, to oblige almost anybody. Then came the extraordinary supper on that boat—a supper at which humanity is bewildered and nature aghast—where small American flags wave over pounds of butter—where mosaics of cranberries, sugar-plums and pickles artfully and quaintly disguise cream-cheeses—where powdered sugar is done up in little mounds, each tipped with a strawberry (looking as natural as life!)—where wreaths of ancient artificial flowers surround plates of flap-jacks—where composition angels with tinsel wings bless the chicken salad beneath their feet—and where all sorts of contraptions earthly and unearthly, combine to produce the impression that children have been playing baby house with victuals and toys. Contrived to eat and coffee ourselves into good humor—all serene—sat out on deck—fine moonlight—passengers dropped off to berths—rolled WIDOW and BLANCHE up in shawls and comforters—RANDOLPH came out with double horse-blanket done up *a la* haick, looking like an Arab and so—with ye bottél and with cigars and cigarettes—we prepared to pass the night. On goes the boat, bounding and swaling through the waters—behind us is the muffled pounding and giant sob of the machinery—far away smothering in night lies the twinkling mystery of the light-houses—near at hand the beacons of bright eyes—very capable of being worked into a first rate simile for something—do you know the feeling reader—the steamboaty one? I do—it has even been new to me since the days of old. Left to ourselves—old stories—new ones—comfortable exceedingly. WIDOW and BLANCHE each with the glowing spark of a cigarette just under their noses, every once in a while reddening up and illumining all around, even up to the eyebrows—all of us on two chairs "laying off" dozingly. The fountain of Chartreuse is again opened. "Infinite streams continually doe well out of that fountaine sweete, and fair to see"—the spring bubbleth merrily—a rose-light steals through the night—BLANCHE the Proud, the dream of Greek merriment, becomes CALLIRHOE, fair flowing, drifting away in soul over the endless sea—you don't have these spiritually æsthetic vertigoes Reader—these orgasms of line and color mythologied, I believe?—well BLANCHE and I do, very often, and they add *wonderfully* to the enjoyment of life. Then BLANCHE throws her soul out into the elements—beyond all earthly things and what Man *thinks*—and wave, and wind, and perfume, and statue and living Antinöus and Nymph and flower—all minister with tempest and torrent, and *the rush of the hour* to—bewilderment. It takes costly ingredients though to brew that draught of drunkenness. So now CALLIRHOE is in the Bacchante vertigo—but silently—the driving foam under the steamboat, awoke it in her soul and mine, as the mountain torrents in Asia Minor were wont to do two thousand years ago when we both worshiped ASHTAROTH our Holy Mother on the hills and high places overlooking the ocean, and

amid pleasant groves and under every green tree—oh the Sea, the Sea!

"Ye mighte have seen the frothy billows fry,
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into ivorie
Or ivorie into the waves were sent.
And other where the snowie substance sprent
With vermeil-like the boy's blood therein shed—"

We are only worshipping Ma Nerf of the ocean *chere amé*; Ma Nerf who like Pan, is not dead but sleepeth. *You* certainly would not deny travellers the privilege of a short pray and a little piety "once't in a while." Hardly! Seldom indeed in these days, does the Mœnad-like sea-foam-rushing delirium inspire the delicious vertigo which is the spirit of the soul of adoration.

Get into Newport at a sweet hour—that's a fact—'twixt midnight and sun rise. Didn't care—every thing previsedfor RANDOLPH and I—WIDOW anticipated by amiable aunt and uncle at our hotel—BLANCHE and DICK going to friend's cottage—*I* didn't know who.

Routing round among carriages—trying to find our wheel barrows and *their* hand-carts—heard voice crying out in the Night—strange, wild, sweet—"Oh BLANCHE!—BLANCHE!"—light femal form—lithe and fleet—fast pattern in broad flat—suddenly thre herself away into BLANCHE's embraces—*smack! smack! smack!* w kisses like firing a lip revolver——

FLINDERS!!

And LUCY!!

Just so—and RANDOLPH didn't know they were here, and I just as much, and a half less! But when the hand-shaking was nearly over, Old VIRGINNY spake in deep Southern baritone.

"I'll trouble you for a little of that, if you please young ladies?"

Oh maybe there wasn't a small Saturnailyou then—an orgie with a Fourth of July thrown in on top of a Roman carnival and a touch of the Musard at 3 A M. Perhaps there wasn't an u ifting of voices in joyful chorus! Possibly the stars overhead the quiet night, didn't smile and peradventure, an rosy Aurora orora didn't shoot up like a fountain to celebrate great joy on arth. Well—if he didn't it wasn't for want of an excuse. "Oh!" quoth FLINDERS, and "Oh!"—and "Oh!—who *ever* dreamed of BLA CHE's bringing you here. All of you! And Miss CATALPA is her and th CATALPA's have such an *el—e*—gant cottage—oh you neve —and *we've* been twice to dinner—and oh now you've come we'll have such mag-nif-icent times!"

And here FLINDERS the Genial, the Immortal, the Young, the Glorious, the Ineffable, got lost in dimly imagining the high old times which danced before her through the vista of fantasy We were to go to their cottage to breakfast. We were to g and bathe them. Lunch. Dinner. Supper. Spend the evenings ere. And call at intervals—Go to the Cliffs Drive to BATEMAN' (So SETH's on hand yet, is he?) Visit the VAN BYSENS and BAN V ss All sorts of things. Spread ourselves. Promulgate. Blaze. technify.

"I like that little girl of yours, amazingly, brother BROAD Y!" quoth WIDOW, as we drove in wagon to Ocean House. You her off very well I think in those early chapters—and the pictu was quite a fac-simile. Heigho! I suppose you'll try to subtract ur-self away from me now. Somebody'll be sold there, children. he FLINDERS are distant connections of mine——"

"I wonder who isn't——"

"And CATALPA and I are—well I may say old friends—I wo der why I didn't."

I didn't wonder though. The CATALPA and WIDOW WILLIE had equal positions—CATALPA's only advantage the not *very* great ne among *really* respectable folks of being richer. But the one fle a lonely and white mysterious bird—always on the *haute volée*- far above life, though she really loved the love, and beauty, nd kindness, and tenderness for which she hungered in vain, while he other hopped about, sometimes a dear little house-robin, so e-times wild as a falcon or merlin—but always ready to come to e friendly call, fearless of danger, and unheeding shafts, out of y innocence or trustingness. And this brought us to the Oce n House and its fine broad portico. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* I smell e sea. So does the old ocean dog Captain DICK, as the first breath f early morning comes over the waves on which he was born. Visi s of fishing and boating are with Captain DICK and he holds his he maritimely as he enters, exclaiming without knowing why—"a fi e morning sir—a fine morning!"

THE PISTOL GALLERY.

It was FLINDERS her first shot and she was proud of it. And took good shooting to shine in *that* crowd, let me tell you. I fact we had talked shoot, from the word go and now were provin the sum. No tyros, no lady tremblifications at hair triggers, n flustrations and tremors. WIDOW set her own hair triggers an eschewed globe sights save to learn with. CATALPA shot—just a she played billiards and fenced—with a clean, high-toned elegance—a sort of slender, strong, antelope-leap style in which Continental grace, gave litheness to English strength and accuracy.

But WIDOW WILLY somehow *took* more by her shooting. S e seemed to forget all about it—She handled the iron, not careless y—but with light nonchalance. *Are you ready—one, two*—and the bell rang, and WILLY Boy was in a fresh joke before it had ceased its music. "I always shot well," quoth WILLY innocently.

But oh FLINDERS! and FLINDERS once again—what shooting was

FLINDERS—HER FIRST SHOT.

thine! Once directly between the hand and the nose of the boy who loaded. Once into the floor, three inches from the tip of RANDOLPH's patent leather. Once into the ceiling. Once into the side wall. True it was, beloved, that when thou did'st make for the spot and like HAL— what d'ye call him in SHAKESPEARE—"got him but once within thy pistol's length," thou shottest, shootedst, or didst shoot—(the Old Nick take this grammar, when a man's writing on time!)—remarkably well. Loud were the cries of FLINDERS at the lucky shots—innumerable were the Flinderian anecdotes poured forth of shooting, she had seen and read of, and heard Pa talk about.

Young people always fall back on their experience. "I never saw such a thing in all my life"—is heard oftenest from minors. And calm CATALPA who *had* seen such shooting! *Dio giusto!*—and WIDOW WILLY who *would* see all that went on during the *coup d'état* and had her carriage lifted over a dozen barricades at five francs a lift, until it was seized to make a barricade of itself, and unfortunate WILLY had to leg it homewards—neither *she* or CATALPA tell of the shots which *they* have seen—though an indiscreet reference tosome Dutch baron, once winged by RANDOLPH at Baden Baden lightly pops out, once.

Ting-a-ling-ling. That's LUCY DE BROOM's. She shoots with immense ambition, that same LUCY. She chafes at Empress CATALPA's lordly marks-woman-ship. She half envies jolly little WILLY who don't seem to know but what she is shooting the worst of all, so easily does she dodge compliments. Yet a better heart never beat than LUCY's. *Ting-a-ling*—I'm glad she rung the bell then—she wanted to. Oh Lucy—what is there which you won't win in the long run—for your pride is of the Morning Star—your will may conquer all things.

First rate for the hen-convention. RANDOLPH and DICK are shooting now. Go it OLD VIRGINNY! go it OLD SALT! They've got their blood up! "Pet you a supper," and "go you fifty" are beginning to color up beautifully. WILLY's eyes gleam and glow—how she cheers on the champions. "Oh RANDOLPHICUS my duck—that's it. Just in line. Captain—Captain—you've gained an inch in measuring! Right into his heart brother—that settled him for

LUXURIOUS.

Friend on a country visit.—HARRY LEND ME A PAIR OF SLIPPERS—MY FEET ARE HEATED WITH THAT LONG WALK.

Elegant Host.—MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T USE SLIPPERS. THEY SPOIL THE FEET. I ALWAYS KEEP *cold boots* IN THE CELLAR.

A Happy Thought.

When at Montreal the railway car intended for the use of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, was thrown open to visitors and one of a bevy of young damsels expressed her deep regret that the attendant could not inform her in which particular berth His Royal Highness would rest his royal limbs because "she would *so* like to place her hand upon his pillow," we thought sweet sentiment in connection with the house of Coburg had gone its length. But we were mistaken, it seems. A morning paper, of recent date, contains record of another and still more touching instance of devotion to royalty. The morning paper says:

"The Prince's apartments (at Quebec) have been visited by some hundreds of people. * * * *Some dirty water left in his basin, was bottled and sold at four shillings a vial.*"

How simple and yet how sublime is this manipulation of loyalty on the part of the Quebeckers! Perhaps VANITY FAIR, humble admirer of the genius that would cherish the scourings of a possible king, may be permitted to inquire, in most deferential of tones "*What* next."

Good News!

We read in the papers that at a ball given at Halifax, the Prince of Wales danced with a Miss MACKARELL. After this of course he cannot refuse to similarly favor the belles of our codfish aristocracy when he comes on here.

Touching Remark.

JENKS sighs when he hears persons complain of the "trials of married life," and says he only wishes some honorable but affluent and beautiful spinster would give him a trial.

—try the saw handles Captain, and rest easy on the fingers—if you get the balance with 'em you could shoot a fly in the moon!"

Time up! Bathing hour draweth nigh. Won't we have a time there if the Newport surf *is* meaner than a fried beef steak. So we depart in pleasant procession—for the Bricks are all gathered together.

A Question for Sophists.

Among the police reports of the week, we find the following:

"LAUGHABLE.—Last night, a young man named EDWARD MCLAUGHLIN, residing at No. 9 Worth-street, gave his maternal relative some impudence, which so exasperated her that she seized a heavy water-pitcher, and struck him over the head with it, inflicting a severe scalp wound, and knocking him insensible."

In the above, we think we can discern not one question for the social anatomist, but three:

Firstly: Was it a water pitcher, or was it a domestic Jar?

Secondly: Notwithstanding Mr. MCLAUGHLIN'S name, we cannot really see where the *laugh* comes in in the above.

Thirdly: Why Worth-street—a locality so notorious for occurrences like the above, and as a resort of worthless characters.

A Nut for Spinsters to Crack.

Among great things expected from the Prince of Wales during his sojourn at Quebec, we select the following, as itemized by the special correspondent of one of the dailies:

"The soldiers expect him to pardon the military prisoners, except one sentenced to ten years for throwing a cap at the Major."

Is the "military prisoner" referred to, one of the belles of Quebec? There never was a garrison town yet in which several spinsters, more or less, were not continually throwing their caps at the Major—a dangerous and reprehensible practice. Nevertheless the penalty of ten years—celibacy understood, we suppose—does appear to us to be rather severe in proportion to the misdemeanor.

"That spoke the vacant mind."

From the opening chapter of a story in one of the sensation weeklies, we take this ¶:

"Young, beautiful, mistress of a large fortune and a strong-minded woman, Miss OPHELIA RAREY came to the conclusion there was no happiness in this world, except it was derived from adventure. As she mused over the means of gratifying her wishes, the idea occurred to her, *that the place left vacant* in the East by Lady HESTER STANHOPE *was not occupied.*"

The assertion that a place "left vacant" is "not occupied" is indeed startling, and calculated to inspire the human mind with awe. If, however, the place that "Miss OPHELIA RAREY" had in her eye had been "vacant" and "occupied" at the same time the consequences to that young woman would have been much more dreadful. We accordingly congratulate her on being as well off as she is.

A deuced good Joke.

[BY A RICH YOUNG GENT.]

[Done at Newport, between the second segar and the fourth cobbler. Time, after dinner: Scene, the piazza of the Ocean House. I. A. L. and his patent leathers elevated.]

"If I had a bird, you know—a canary, or cockatoo, or something of the kind—and it should lose some of its tail feathers—no, hang it, I don't mean that—and it should break its wings—that's it—and get well again, why would it be like that old heathen fellow, Mercury? Because Mercury's heels are winged, you see, while *its* wings are healed! Good, is'nt it?

A fine Eye for Color.

[*Artist to full blooded Teuton, who has just appeared in a flannel coat.*]

Hum—ah—yellow hair, blue coat. By Jove, old fellow, if you were mixed you'd make a splendid green.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

YONKERS, August 26, 1960.

BELL-BELOVED VANITY :—Talk about female sorrows being "few but deep," as Somebody does! Sir, they are deep and as immensely variegated as the possible changes of a kaleidoscope. There are the anti-marital sorrows and the post-marital sufferings of the individual, not to mention the *vidual* or those of widowhood. *My* present griefs are of the marito-horticultural.

I have a Husband. A Husband is, I admit, a good thing to have in the country. But that Husband has a Garden—and not satisfied with this he goes abroad to other gardens until he has become fascinated with a horrid Horticultural Society, which takes away not only his precious time, but also all my pet posies, roses, pinks, and peonies, with the choicest fruit for his dreadful Exhibition. Sir, an Exhibition is not a good thing to have in the country when it snips away with ruthless scissors, our feelings and fine tomatoes, our hopes and our peaches, our enjoyments and our egg-plants.

But as you are well aware the most profound grief finds its only solace in poetry, (poetry as you are aware is a *very* good thing to have in the country) and I accordingly vanish in the following, every line of which I trust will be a hornet of remorse to every individual interested in that twicked YONKERS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Yours Truly,

VICTIMA SALSIFY.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Curtain rises to slow and solemn music and discovers a Yonkers garden. A large rose-bush in centre. Enter MRS. SALSIFY, anxiously, R. H. U. E.

MRS. S. ALBERT!
ALB. (*Who is hidden behind rose bush*) My love?
MRS. S. What are you doing there?
ALB. Nothing, my love.
MRS. S. Nothing! you call it nothing,
But I see it all! (*seats herself on rustic chair and weeps*)
ALB. (*Still invisible*) My love?
MRS. S. (*starting up*) Call me no more by that pellucid name!
Nor duck, nor dear, nor honey, any more;
Where have the daisies gone, that bloomed for me!
Where are the pinks and pansies I adored,
Where are my Salvias, Fuchsias, Auricarias;
My Perlagoniums and Eucoracrias?
And now you've clipped my roses with your shears,
And left my precious pretty garden bare.
ALB. (*emerging from Rose-bush, &c. his spectacles on his nose, a bucket of roses in one hand, and his garden shears in the other*) Have I not left you all the rarest plants,
The Raglan roses, and the Ericas;
That costly thing Spergula Pilifera?
MRS. S. Ah yes, but these you know will never bloom.
ALB. (*softened*) It is too true!
MRS. S. Did I not tell you so, When that you bought 'em?
ALB. Yes, you did, my love.
MRS. S. And have they bloomed, oh ALBERT?
ALB. Nary time.
MRS. S. Ah, ALBERT, ALBERT, once there was a time,
When you would cloak my waist within your arm,
And lead me through these gravel garden walks,
And say look there! that is your bean, my love,
And there your cucumbers and Mummy-pea,
There is the cauliflower which you admire,
And there the oyster-plant that bears my name,
But now those halcyon days are flown and gone. (*crosses to* L. H. U. E.)
ALB. (*musingly*) That's so!
MRS. S. But now all's changed, I know no more
Those sweet deluding— (*shrieks*) Oh! where *is* my aloe?
ALB. (*moodily*) Gone where the rest have gone!
MRS. S. Thou bitter aloe! hast thou left me too?
ALB. (*crossing his shears and bouquet to his breast* c.) It have.
MRS. S. Oh, cursed fate that ever made thee join,
The Yonkers Horticultural Society!
There everything we cherish and admire,
There everything we hope for or desire,
There everything we plant, or rear, or buy,
In one grand heartless Exhibition vie. (*Tableau.*)

HO! FOR PARIS.

If we can only fix it so as to be in Paris next year our cup of bliss will be filled to the brim. It is true, that a residence in that city ever promotes joy in the human heart. It is also true that good people go there when they die. For our part we should prefer to visit the Department of the Seine-et-Loire in the flesh, and not wait to "take our chances" after that ancient person of the scythe and hour-glass had cut us down. And especially in the coming year do we desire to pay that visit. For the Paris of 1861 will have, to us, a special charm. A charm that we are already prancing to partake of. Not the splendor of the Boulevards is the charm. Not the palace nor the gardens of the Tuileries. Not the great singers of the "Italiens." Not the gay halls of the Mabille and the Closerie. [We are too old and respectable for that sort of thing now.] Not the Quartier Latin is it that entices us. Neither the *grisettes—celles qui restent.* The inducements lies elsewhere. In the French Academy, in point of fact. The F. A., some of the VANITY FAIR readers may not know, is almost as lively an institution as our Smithsonian thing at Washington. It is even said that the members of the F. A. are so remarkably progressive that the dear Parisians are kept awake nights trying to think what they will do next. Just imagine!

And it is at their next annual exhibition that the "fat and forty," intend to surpass themselves. For that occasion the poets of the country are requested to twang their harps to a particularly festive tune. What that tune is the following paragraph shows:

"The French Academy at its last sitting fixed as the subject of the prize of poetry, for the year 1861, the Isthmus of Suez.

Who wonders now that we are dying to be in Paris in 1861?

The Last of the Japanese.

Ever since the *Times* pricked itself into a state of howling virtue about TATEISH ONOJERO (otherwise "TOMMY") and the love-letters of that risky young person, it has borne a grudge against the gentle Japs.

When the subjects of the Tycoon quitted these shores, the *Times* was so impolite as to come out in an editorial and say that it was glad to get rid of them. Last week we heard from the Cape Verde Islands, of the Japs on their homeward voyage. The *Times* at once nipped the opportunity to display some more of its malevolence, and expressed the hope that we might *never* see our queer Oriental friends again. These are the *Times'* own fiendish words:

"We trust that they will not come again until we have an honest Common Council."

Could anything, we ask, be more utterly unhospitable than that?

Con. by an Ex-Policeman.

Why is the Japanese Donation to the New-York Police like a 0? Because it cannot be divided.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 3.

BRUSSELS, Aug, 4th.

The meteor of July 20th, as seen in *Great Britain*, has been the subject of much speculation in cultivated circles in England ; and even in the *salons* of this "*petit Paris.*" You would be amused with the various explanations given; some of them *almost* as absurd as E. MERIAM'S. A Boston gentleman now here, who is a M. A. S. S. (do you know what it means?—does the M. stand for *monstrous?*) wrote on to NEWPORT suggesting the two following as *equally* probably theories. First, that the "meteor" was PROF. LOWE'S *balloon ;* which had been chartered by EX. GOV. WISE, Hon. Mr. YANCEY, Gen. BICKLEY, and the K. G. C., to make an attack on London, and punish the British for giving aid and comfort to the abolitionists.

Second, that it was one of BARNUM'S or VANITY FAIR'S *handbills ;* which had been sent up by a new kind of fire-works, invented by Mr. PAINE (of water-gas memory); but which had gone further than was meant, and had gone beyond the earth's gravitation.

All the English here, however, and there are crowds of them constantly, going to Waterloo, insist that FARADAY and BREWSTER have made it out to be an *air-frigate*, belonging to the Emperor NAPOLEON, intended to invade London shortly, but now on a *trial-trip. Sic transit gloria Friday.*

The reason why the two last Imperial and Royal conferences have been fixed at *Baden* and *Teeplitz* is also explained by our *swans.* It is because the monarchs in question are so fond of getting themselves and other people into *hot water!* One place has its baths at 150°, and the other at 120° Fahr.

I promised you some *literary* news. The greatest sensation is produced by the new *German translation* of TUPPER! German and Belgian literati, who are all good English scholars, have discovered wonderful brilliancy in the Solomon of blank verse. A *Tupper-club* has been formed ; whose members are bound, under a fine of *lager for the party*, never to speak except in *proverbs.* The blue-stockings are divided into the *Shakespeare* and the *Tupper* parties.

The following English and American works are to come out soon in *Tauchnitz* editions.

"Water-spouts on the Atlantic coasts." By the Prince of Wales.

"Mount Vernon Papers." By Sylvanus Everett, Jr.

"Wheatland ; A New Pastoral." By James Read Buchanan.

"The First Cousin Once Removed." By Mrs. P. A. R. A. D. I. S. E. Southworth.

An astonishing book is announced as in preparation, by Prof. STRAPSSE ; the first volume having been printed at Leipsic. It is a History of German Civilization, in 24 volumes. The first 23 are to contain the Introduction ; which is to be upon the History of Things in General. Vol. 1., which I have read, discusses the question, whether the world was *created*, or whether it *grew.* The latter view is advocated ; on the ground that, as Prof. STRAPSSE never succeeded in creating anybody or anything, therefore creation is out of the question. High authorities say that everything is to be altered by this book.

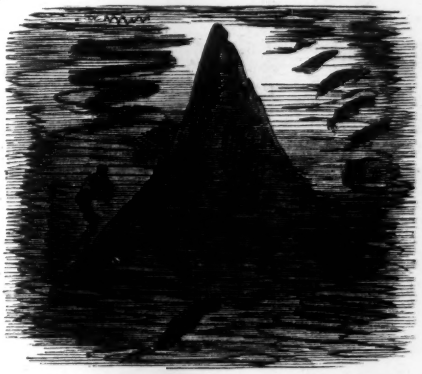
A very funny sort of *medical practice* has just sprung up at Göttingen. One Dr. HOEMBOECKE, rival in chemistry to LIEBIG of Giessen, —has invented *pneumatherapy ;* in short *gas-pathy.* It is founded on the Hahnemannic principle, of "*similia similibus curantur,*" or, as DICK BLUE-NOSE, translated the Latin at the bar the other day, "*a smile* invites a *smile.*" The learned Doctor discovered that infinitesimal *smells* are very sanative; and nosology has consequently much advanced. The worst smells are the most positively curative. He has employed special agents, on this account at Cologne, Liverpool, and New York. In the latter place, the contractors for cleaning the streets are engaged ; so that now, it is likely, your streets *will* be cleaned.

Anything *in bad odor* now grows useful. What a blessing! A *Presidential remonstrance* will no doubt prove good for the hooping-cough. A small section of a bill for a *Japanese Ball* will cure three fits of the ague. But, the autograph of such a person as SHINE or ENRIGHT will save anybody from advanced consumption. A retired physician will, hereafter, have to live in the sewer. Won't you be glad?

In *art*, there is not a great deal to speak of. An old opera has been revived at Berlin. It is OLEANOR, by Herr STUH ; who was of an American family. The play turns principally on a remarkable *dream* of the heroine, of a residence in a palatial dwelling. It is asserted that BELLINI stole many of his *best morceaux* from this now ancient opera.

ROSA BONHEUR has been in England, to paint PRINCE ALBERT'S favorite *Berkshire boar.* It turned out, very strangely, to have a singular likeness to LORD BROUGHAM! This fact was mentioned at the statistical congress.

But, all art-critics and æsthetical amateurs are now on the *qui vive*, about the just issued *Supplement* to RUSKIN'S book. He advocates therein a still more *advanced* theory than in the work itself ; illustrating it by the paintings of a pupil of TURNER'S, hardly yet known. You will of course read it ; I can only give you an idea of it. This is, that to depict *forms* and *objects* is below the dignity



THE GREAT SENSATION TURNERESQUE PICTURE.

of high Art ; which takes most delight in harmony of shades, lights and colors, out of which the imagination should make its own forms. This will be called the Preadamite school of art. The artist whose works illustrate this theory is, at present, resident in an insane asylum ; his enthusiasm after studying TURNER'S *latest* pictures at Marlborough House, having required restraint.

FRED mortified me very much yesterday. A cousin of M. ALPHONSE DE L——E was here on a mission concerning the latter. It appears that the ex-poet and ex-statesman had *corns ;* the said corns have caused very rapid consumption of shoes ; and the latter shoes have run up a bill, with a Paris *bottier*, of 3000 fr. Not being able to pay it, his cousin offered the privilege of doing so to his numerous continental admirers. "*Ah! ce grand homme! Est'ce qu'on ne paye pas pour ses bottes?*" While he was saying this, and other things, FRED sent a garçon up stair for a pair of *old shoes ;* and horrified me by dropping them into M. DE L——'s open bag, just relieved of his subscription book!

I have not recovered from it yet ; and therefore must close abruptly. Your, PRIME.

P. S. Did you know that the *Koh-i-noor* Diamond has just been stolen from the Tower of London, by a man who chloroformed the woman who showed it, and substituted a *paste* one in its place?

Mighty Moral.

The *World* newspaper which refuses, on moral grounds, to print theatrical advertisements, seems to think, also, that it would be very wicked to admit even so much as the name of a popular theatre in its columns. In its notice of the Wizard ANDERSON'S 'Psychomanteum' or whatever it is, the *World* taken a deal of trouble to avoid calling a spade a spade. *Voila!*—

"A large audience assembled last evening in the *public Hall in Broadway opposite Bond street*, to witness the first of Prof. ANDERSON'S really curious and interesting entertainments.

So the readers of our precious contemporary are spared the shocking intelligence that there is such a thing as the Winter Garden Theatre in existence. What a dear, good old *World* it is, to be sure!

None of that, you know!

The *Times*, in an enumeration of the results of the Japanese visit, says that the No-KAMIS :

"have a lasting fondness for champaign—and may be expected to infuse a taste for that pleasant beverage into the minds of their higher and wealthier classes of their countrymen. Unfortunately, however, this is not as yet an American product.

"Champaign not an American product!" Isn't it though? Perhaps the *Times* man thinks to make us believe that he has never loitered through the sunny vineyards of N. Y., nor plucked the glistening apple from the vines that skirt the Camden and Amboy! Go to, *Times* man!

AN ARKANSAS HORSE FERRY.

Main Deck Rackensackian. WAL STRANGER, FOR A SHORT V'YAGE I NEVER SEE SITCH A RIGHT SMART SPRINKLIN' OF ACKS: SEVEN TO ONE PACK!

(Stern Passenger holding on to the Rudder.) THAR'S BEEN A RISE UP RIVER THEN I CONSIDER—*for hy'ar's one more!*

OUR OFFER TO THE PRINCE!

THE BEST OUT YET.

Your Royal Highness: From Vanity Fair Greeting:

Whereas,

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That We, VANITY FAIR, being of sound mind, having seen with dismay and intense gratification the immense amount of Hospitality extended to your ALTITUDE, and dreading least your SUBLIME and NOBLY BORN SERENITY might be disturbed by the difficulty of choosing among the many palaces tendered for your use by divers men, from the Abbot's proffering his Convent, down to the Beer Seller, giving his song Seraglio.

Therefore, VANITY FAIR has resolved to put an end to all uncertainty by offering ITS OWN RESIDENCE!—a Sumptuous Pile, which, it is needless to say "rakes down" any other pile which can be played against it.

It is eligibly situated on the Fifteenth Avenue, and is sixteen stories in height. The architecture is a felicitous combination of Fifth-avenuetral and Composite. In front is a gleaming colonade, supported by massive Palladian ballisters, with fluted capitals and fringes. Mediæval portals open upon a spacious atrium surrounded with strong pedestals, and arabesque architraves. The parlors, of which there are six in each story, are furnished with or-molu carpets, real Saxony curtains, beaufets of three pile velvets, cushions of solid gold and silver, ottomans of Sévres, and Limoges, and a choice Gallery of Pictures by the best pre-Raphælite masters, Canova, Thorvaldsen, etc. The dining-room is surmounted by a magnificent clais, while marble tables literally groan with plate, salvers of silver for our rarest wines, golden flagons of apricots and nectarines, etc., etc.

The chamber in which VANITY FAIR wooes the balmy god, and which he puts at the service of your SERENE and LOFTY MIGHTINESS, has a wainscot of ebony and other native woods. The bed-stead is a carved block of scandal wood; the mattress is stuffed with down, the like of which was never seen by S. and S. M. U. not even in the Downs where it grew. The whole is crowned with a capturous divan, on which stands a royal eagle with three chuckle heads, argent and saltire on a sable ground, three gules cross-wise, on a quartered Ben-sinister wearing an emblazoned collar of the Garter, inscribed "E PLURIBUS UNUM," or in English, "WELCOME TO THE PRINCE." For further details V. F. refers your SPLENDOR to a description of the mansions of any of the Japanese entertainers. This we offer *ut pignut amicitiæ* in token of our loyality. Yours affectionately,

V. F.

Nothing to Do.

It is related, as an evidence of the strength and vigor of the PRINCE OF WALES' constitution, that he "held a levy" at Charlottetown on the same day that he went through with a variety of other fatiguing things. The other performances may have been very arduous, but we do not see why the holding of a levy should be chronicled as a muscular feat. People are in the habit of holding those things every day in Philadelphia, and, so far are they from counting it a task, we have noticed that the more they hold of them the better they like it.

Greeley on Weed.

It has been long known that the white-coated Philosopher of the *Tribune* is opposed to tobacco in all shapes, but recently he has manifested increased bitterness towards the *Weed*, and is bent upon its extermination, by smoking *it out* upon all occasions. GREELEY, like SHAKSPEARE, evidently looks upon "life as an *unweeded* garden."

Encouraging to the Oregon Candidate.

"Every Lane has its turn."

"THREE TO ONE YOU DON'T GET IT."

[VARIATION ON THE POPULAR INTERPRETATION OF THE MEANING OF THE PAWNBROKER'S SIGN.]

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

I think it was Hood who declared, when he heard the rumor floating about, that the Bishop of London had eloped with a well-known belle of the time, that he considered it the most sensible thing his reverence had ever been guilty of. We have somewhat of a parallel as detailed in the columns of the Hartford *Press* of the 11th A certain Dr. Richards whose hot blood had been nurtured in the Sunny South, left his original land of fruits, flowers, and fights, to settle in the neighborhood of Litchfield, Conn., there to remain under *discipline*—whatever that vague term may mean—until he had expiated some sins supposed to have been committed under the stimulus of the aforesaid Southern sun, etc.

While doing this discipline, which we presume is walking about with peas in his shoes, the reverend doctor got somehow mixed up in a little controversy with another reverend doctor, Yclept Bacon, relative to whether the aforesaid Richards should preach with peas in his shoes, or not. At a very critical juncture, the quarrel, which was a mighty pretty one where it stood, was transferred to the columns of the *Independent*, and burned brightly through a series of weeks. All at once, while the Connecticut folks were looking on enjoying the fun, little dreaming of the explosive nature of the reverend material they were backing up, pop went the reverend Richards, and caught—unfortunately, not the reverend Bacon, but his brother, who, born under an unlucky star, looked so like the reverend, that Richards made the very pardonable mistake of drubbing him severely for the sins of his relative. That time the absent Reverend saved his individual Bacon at the expense of other Bacon.

At this stage of the proceedings one would suppose that both members of the church militant would rest satisfied, but not so; each of the reverend gentlemen has friends. Those of the reverend Bacon assert that the reverend Richards was undoubtedly tight when he behaved so loosely, while the backers of the latter gentleman affirm that it was not intoxication, but merely a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by reading an article in the *Independent*. We incline to the latter opinion, and declare that we ourselves have been put upon the verge of lunacy more than once from the same cause. We therefore raise our voice in favor of the reverend Richards, and add our te-timony that it was but a small error for that gentleman to make after such reading, to rush into the house of the reverend Bacon, "seize his brother by the hair, and shake him around the room, rather spry, for several minutes."

We rather wish we could record the conclusion of this clerical battle, that we might be at rest as to which of the combatants came off best, but we are constrained to wait the final result, as each reverend gentleman has his crowd of backers who are wisely losing no move that will tend to an ultimate triumph of their man. The Richardites have held a public meeting at the Court-house of Litchfield, at which they declared their champion "a capable, exemplary, and useful member of society," while on the other hand the Baconites are making preparation for a donation party to their chief, to offer him an expression of their esteem, regard and friendly interest in his present and future welfare."

We look upon this clerical battle as it stands, with intense curiosity, and ask ourselves how can it be settled but by Heenanic method? This is undoubtedly the only way of untying the Gordian knot, and the sooner the better. Give the reverend Richards one more chance to show his capability and usefulness as a member of society, on the real Bacon, and if we are any judge of "discipline" it will tell in his favor as certainly as training.

Philological.

In this part of the world, when a man is particularly well gotten up we say that he is "dressed to kill." In Scotland this expression takes a singularly different phase, for there a Highlander in full costume comes very near being Kilt entirely.

"Endowed by a Lunatic."

"Neal Dow is a man of strong will." All the Maine-law-yers say so. And yet a single letter has made him Neal Dow-n!

"GENERAL INTELLIGENCE."

We have occasionally heard persons speak in terms of praise of "*public or general intelligence*," and on the whole, have been disposed to feel much respect for the "*intelligence*" of the multitude. But, we confess, we were not prepared, even with our prepossessions in its favor, for the extraordinary specimens of "*intelligence*" offered us in the columns (or rather, in a column) of the *Philadelphia Daily Inquirer*. Under this caption, our editorial brother gives us seventeen distinct instances of "Intelligence," displayed, we must own, in a startling and original manner, as the reader—the ingenous reader we mean—will acknowledge. The first instance of this brilliant "*intelligence*" occurred in York Co., wherein a young lady was crushed in a frightful manner, by imprudently going too near some revolving machinery. The second proof of "*intelligence*" was in the sale of a mortgage for $5000 by a citizen of Jamestown to another in Pittsburg. Here, we presume, the "*intelligence* consisted in the adroit "*doing*" of the buyer by the seller—or *vice versa*. Three of the remaining specimens of "*intelligence*" are suicides; four are accidents by fire; two ditto, by water; two ditto, by run-away horses; one, a highway robbery, one, a camp meeting; and one, the miraculous interposition of Providence, in answer to an old gentleman's prayers in the midst of a tornado; he having prayed for the preservation of a particular tree, which was, accordingly preserved in the most successful manner.

The only instance cited, which appears to us to show clear and positive evidence of "*intelligence*," is the statement—we trust it is reliable—that Greene County jail is empty.

But then we are probably behind the "*intelligence*" of our lately revived friend to such an extent that we can't see it. Long may it wave, anyhow!

A Word in Mr. Raymond's Ear.

Does Mr. Henry J. Raymond know of the possible viper that he is fostering in his bosom? Is he aware of the effect that familiarity with titled people has upon the juvenile mind? If not, let him be warned in time of that gentleman up in Canada, who is doing the Prince of Wales for the *Times*. This *literateur* has made himself singularly at home with the royal party in a very short space of time. He at once sets our minds to rest as to the moral character of H. R. H. by telling us he is "a good boy," and also that he "likes him." He calls the Judges of Quebec "jolly old coves," and talks in a how-are-you-old-boy sort of style of the Duke of Newcastle. Writing from Quebec, under the date of the 22d ult., he says:

"To-morrow, the Prince and the rest of us go to Montreal."

"The Prince and the rest of us," is good. But just fancy, Mr. Raymond, the state of things you will have in the *Times* office, when your correspondent gets back. The gentleman cannot of course be expected to associate again with his former companions. Reporters he will look down upon with contempt, and sub-editors he will visit with much contumely. Even your august self will not receive much better treatment. Perhaps at proper intervals, you will be addressed as "Harry," "old cock," etc., and be slapped condescendingly on the back. But nothing more.

We have benevolently traced in this ¶ your Mane-thekel-phares. Take it and welcome—no extra charge.

At it Again.

It is a beautiful thing to see brethren at unity, and the harmony of our daily cotemporaries is indeed edifying. Witness the following accounts of the same events of the same day.

"The Prince fished yesterday in the Saguenay. The fish previously caught were enclosed in weirs. The Prince enjoyed the sport, and was very successful.—*N. Y. Herald.* Aug. 17."

"On Thursday, the Prince again ascended the Saguenay to fish for salmon, Tents were raised and tackle provided by Mr. Blackwell, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. His Royal Highness was not, on this occasion at least, a very successfully imitator of old Isaac; for the fish, unlike the inhabitants of the Provinces, refused to bite at his gilded hook. He caught none of the finny tribe."—*N. Y. Times*, Aug. 16.

There's a nice state of affairs for readers dying to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth relative to every movement sneezement and utterance of the lordly Boy!

A Plea for the Box.

Future events foreseen by the late benefactor of Amherst College will, we have no doubt, justify the legacy of the century-sealed box. We are led to believe so, at least from his having been one of the sears.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

1st distinguished foreigner.—VELL, 'ARRY, BEING AS 'OW THE PRINCE O' VALES IS A COMIN' IT SEEMS TO BE HOUR PLACE TO DO THE 'ARNSOME. *Anything* TO KEEP THAT BOY HOUT O THE GRIP HOF THE HALDERMEN, HI SAY.

Autographic.

Those among our friends who collect autographs are aware that of late these little aggregates of nut-galls, old rags, size, *et cetera*, have brought enormous prices—in fact it would seem that the blessed time is coming when an author will make more money by his writing than by his writings. As an extraordinary instance, however, of the stupendous extravagance and unpardonable waste of money which accompanies an indulgence in the mania of autograph collecting we quote from BANGS and MERWINS' catalogue the following. which is, however, said to be in proportion to the real value of the article, the highest valuation ever affixed to mere chirography.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, 25 CENTS.

Heavens!—if TUPPER'S signature be worth a quarter of a dollar, what must a poet's sell for.

Save us from our Friends.

How perfectly delectable it must be to declare before the Tax Commissioners of your *locale* your property, Real and Personal, to be worth, say $25,000,000—pay your taxes at that rate—and then have some judicious, good-natured friend, some admirer, start and blurt out before the world that you cannot, by any possibility, be worth less than $40,000,000! How would it do to invite all your friends of that stripe to a banquet—a Borgian banquet—only once! What do you say, WM. B.?

A Glorious Burden.

The *Herald* says that "the PRINCE OF WALES is carrying all before him in Canada. "Whereupon JENKS exclaims: "What an awful load he must have on!"

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(Continued.)

AUGUST 9, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Excuse the continuation of my philosophical analysis this week. I have been, and am, very sick, and now am almost unable to write. The following extracts from my diary will inform you of the reason. In it I write my inmost thoughts, and most sacred feelings. Very respectfully,

———.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A PUNSTER.

August 6, 1860.—Oh! what a fine day for punning! So cool, so clear, so calm. The west wind is redolent of flowers. Called on THOMPSON with a conundrum—out of town, so I wrote it on his slate. Then to SMITH'S—my worst suspicions of that man are more than confirmed. Shall have nothing more to do with him. While sitting in his parlor, smiling to myself, I heard SMITH say to Mrs. SMITH: "There's that d—d punster again." "You must not see him, JOHN," she said, "if you have no respect for yourself, do have some for me and the children." "————," said SMITH, but I will not pollute these pages with his profanity. In short, down he came. From business reasons, I suppressed my feelings, (he still owes me those two shillings.) However, I was very cool, made not a single obvious pun, and spoke only of general subjects. In a few minutes I took my leave, ironically saying, "I hope your wife is well," to which he said she was. Well, I am not surprised; I have long thought SMITH evil-disposed, and not willing to hear my puns; no doubt had it not been for those two shillings, he would have long ago proceeded to violence. Mrs. SMITH I *pity*.

August 7.—Alone in my room this evening. How delicious to sit by the window, gazing on the starry skies; how sweetly comes the fragrant breeze from yon umbrageous wood! Now, in this secluded seclusion, how sweet to muse upon the mystery, or murmuring, with half-closed eyes, some memorial pun, to fancy that the winds repeat it to the trees! Oh! how different from the apathy of the world! Oh, how little SMITH knows of these feelings! Oh, how my soul communes! Oh, is it too much to believe in the One, in the Absolute, in the omnipresence of The Pun, in which the universal universe is blest in the boundless infinite. Oh! no; let the unbelieving skeptic scoff, the worldling sneer: I, the enthusiastic punster—I, the neglected idiot, as they call me, will *not* refuse this commune with the One, the Ideal. Mem: Write an article on the One.

August 8.—What have I done to deserve this? Just Heaven! why do I suffer thus? Those fatal words! why—why did I ever speak them? Yet were my intentions pure and good. Ah! how true is that profound remark, "of nothing we are certain." And I was so happy last evening; and this morning, when the milkman, beneath my window, announced the Chariot of Aurora, with what alacrity I rose. At breakfast I actually made puns on every article of food. Strange to say, I remarked to BRIDGET, "Bread, which in America is a pleasure, in France becomes a pain;" and salt which here is certainly no swindle, is there considered a sel." So I went on, like some happy child, from flower to flower, till, like a garland long worn, the sweets I had gathered left their fragrance wreathed invisibly around my brow. But *now*, perfume is changed to poison. Ah! what is man? but stop—rash fool! thou dost not dare to even ask a question! o o o o Cease thy tempests, billowy soul; be still my heart, and let me calmly recall that fatal interview. Recall! great Heavens! can I bear the recollection? Am I mad?

No. How profoundly true in their Psychology those words of HAMLET, "Put me to the test; and I the matter will re-word, Which madness would gambol from." By-the-bye, is not that a pun on gamble? See COLLIER. No, I am not mad.

I was sitting in my room this morning at half past eight, I distinctly remember the hour, for I was looking at the clock, and making a conundrum, why is a man half done his breakfast, like another at thirty minutes of nine? when the door bell was violently pulled; I thought to myself, 'tis THOMPSON. By-the-bye, calling on T. the other day, I found the slate shamefully disfigured with oaths, alas! it wasn't. "I know," said I, "the answer is not right;" THOMPSON'S intellect, though successful when applied to poetry or science, is unequal to the conundrum; that requires a special gift. There is MILTON, not a solitary conundrum in the whole of Paradise Lost! And even the puns are such as any man must make uncon-

sciously, when writing an epic too long to read. However, I digress—I say the door bell rang. "BRIDGET," I said, "there is some one at the door, adorable BRIDGET, dar must you go; dire is the necessity my dear, swift as the deer, run; dare the visitor to en er; he is perchance the dyer (here I went off splendidly on a series of digr ssive puns on di) his thanks shall be your dower, but you can endure no more, so BRIDGET go."

BRIDGET, whom I often love to puzzle thus, stared stolidly, and answer d that fatal ring.

While she was gone, I sat smoking, smiling to think how THOMPSON would enthusiastically enter, exclaiming: "By Jove! sir, you are inimitable. The conundrum on my slate should be translated into every language. Wonderful man! you modestly excel your genius. Great as I have always thought you"—but at this moment of my reverie, BRIDGET entered, bearing in her hand the following incoherent note:

AUGUST 8, 1860.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Come to me in the hour of affliction. Yes, for my sorrow extreme came too true. EMILIA SUSAN!—my wife, yes, she we both love and know so well, is dying. Come. Do not fail, my friend, but come, Oh, come at once! SCOTTY.

His real name is SCOTT, but we call him SCOTTY as a term of endearment. Good Heavens! I exclaimed, springing up, and clasping my throbbing brain, EMILIA SUSAN dying, SCOTTY in affliction! And grasping my hat, I hurried with rapid strides to his abode. Would that I had broke my leg upon the way!

Fate decreed that I should reach the house unharmed; I rang the bell; a weeping servant ushered me into the darkened parlor. There was SCOTTY pacing the floor in his anguish; clasped in one hand his infant EMILIA, pledge of wedded love, played with his dishevelled hair; with the other hand he smote his agonized brow. When he beheld me, standing overwhelmed with pity, motionless in the doorway, he sank, sobbing on the sofa. My eyes filled with tears. "SCOTTY," said I, gently laying my hand upon his shoulder; "SCOTTY! How is your wife?"

Would that I had been born dumb; but such was not my doom. Judge of my horror when SCOTTY, dropping the pledge, sprang to his feet, and with flashing eyes, and trembling voice, cried, "Villian! leave this house!"

I started back aghast!

Leave my house!—Rascal—unfeeling—heartless brute! To come here—with your infernal conundrums, and my wife dying in the room above! How *is* my wife, wretch? Ha!—perhaps because *she* can't climb a tree. And infuriately he grasped my collar, kicked me down stairs and hurled me into the street. Stunned, bewildered, I staggered home, crept past BRIDGET, and sank trembling in this chair.

Alas! alas! and is *this* the result of my vast reputation? And when a man's wife is dying, can I not inquire, how she is, without being kicked down stairs as a punster? Am I to be deprived the melancholy privilege of standing by the dying beds of those I love? Far better had I been born a NEWTON or a BACON—if genius entails great misery, who would be grateful for the boon? Far, far better to be born the hog than the man; to esteem wittles more precious than wit.

In future when I ask a servant, Can you get me a glass of water? will he reply: Indeed sir, I don't know; and going away, never return, thinking it a conundrum? So must I remain forever parched with thirst, because it has no answer. And at dinner to say, Sir, can you reach the tomatoes? Then to see the man put his hands up to his forehead, and in a profound study, wonder if he can, or why he can't,—ah! what a situation, and me so fond of tomats.

Alas! if SCOTTY, my old friend, abandons me, why should I wonder that THOMPSON is always out of town, and that SMITH is so profane.

How could he mistake me? Had I indulged my disposition and made some gay and inappropriate pun, I will admit his conduct would have been justified. Had I said "SCOTT, grief's got you now; or, EMILIA is sick, else am I a liar; or, so, SUE's in trouble"—then no punishment would have astonished me. But simply, How is your wife?

Hear me ye heavens! Henceforth all wives may die—my sister may have the consumption—my mother perish of a fever—I will never ask them how they are. They might spurn me from their side, or urge some fearful penalty the law might interpose. What would be my feelings if condemned to wear always on my back a placard announcing to all the world, in far seen letters,

"Beware of the Punster."

A Touching case of Confidence.

Entrusting a letter *a la lanterne*—to a lamp-post—and expecting it to fare better than people did in the last century under similar circumstances.

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWTIES.

DE MOON shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea;
Unt I vent to Coney Island,
Unt I took mine shotz mit me.
Mine shotz MADILDA YANE,
I gife her mine heart and wordt;
Put ve tidn't know vot beeples
Der Dampfschiff had cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool unt bleasant,
Ve looket at de down;
Mit soonlight on de sdeeples,
Und de wetterfanes durnin round.
Ve set on de deck in a gorner,
Und dropled nobody dere,
Ven all arount oos de rowties
Peginned to plackguard unt schvear.

A vomans mit a papy
Vos sittin in de blace,
One tooket a chew-dobacco
Unt trowed it into her vace.
De voman got convoolshons,
De papy begin to gry;
Unt de rowties screamt out a laffin
Unt said de foon vos "high."

Pimepy ve pecomes some hoonger
MADILDA YANE unt I,
I opened de lit of mine pasket,
Unt pringed out a cherry-bie.
A cherry-kooken mit pretzels;
"How goot!" MATILDA said,
Ven a rowty snatch't it from her,
Unt preaked it over mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
I gifed him a beece my mind.
I would said it pefore a tousand,
Mit de tyfel himself pehindt.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong shot
Unt peats me plack and plue,
Und all de plackguards help him
Till I fainted, unt dat is drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies strike;
De bo r hardt-workin Sharman
He knows it more as he like.
If de Sharman sbeakers unt bapers,
Are somedimes too hardt on dis land
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's handt

HANS BREITMANN.

Peoria still Ahead.

A number of our unprincipled cotemporaries have been in the habit of basely deceiving the public of late, with (falsely) so called Peorian jokes. What the *real* article is like, is shown in the following which we have just received in an envelope bearing the postmark, Peoria, Ills., and which may be seen at our office by any person interested in aboriginal remains.

"DEAR VANITY:—The ladies of Illinois are for linking (LINCOLN) to a man,"

There you are, gentlemen and ladies; *that* is the real article.

Meteorological.

In a special despatch from Quebec to the New York *Herald*, announcing the arrival of the Prince of Wales, we are told that—"Rain fell, though people said it always rained when the Prince lands."

Very good. Rain comes to the Prince now—the Prince may come to reign by and by.

THE BIGOTS OF BERGEN.

AY it please our readers.

Bergen, N. J., wishes to have it distinctly understood that it (Bergen) is a moral place.

Moral; in the Camden and Amboy acceptation of the word, that is.

A report in the papers of a meeting recently held in that place to take into consideration the running of cars on Sunday, calls forth a reply from one of its exemplary inhabitants. The exemplary inhabitant's letter is printed in one of the dailies. The exemplary inhabitant signs himself "A Lover of Truth." But the signature indicates great imaginative power on the part of the exemplary inhabitant.

It appears that this particular meeting favored the running of cars on Sunday. What more natural, then, than that the exemplary inhabitant should tell us that it was composed of anything but a respectable body of citizens?"

Another meeting, a meeting about which no Brummagen was, a meeting which thoroughly vindicated the respectability of Bergen, a meeting, in fact, which the exemplary inhabitant attended, was held afterwards, we are told, in the school-house of Bergen. This meeting was opposed to the running of cars on Sunday. The exemplary inhabitant accordingly informs us that it was "composed of property-owners, and of the better class of the citizens," that it was "large and enthusiastic," and that "with the exception of six persons—one of whom was an infidel, and another a free-thinker—amongst over three hundred present, resolutions were passed to use every endeavor and remonstrate with the managers of the railroad to stop the cars running on the sabbath."

After which the exemplary inhabitant thus concludes:

"It is for the love of the sabbath that I write this correction lest it should go forth to the world that the good old town of Bergen had degenerated in its love for the fulfilment of God's commandments."

The exemplary inhabitant's mind may rest perfectly easy, and the exemplary inhabitant himself need no longer be troubled as to what the "world" will think of his "good old town." From his letter the Bergen character is sufficiently manifest. That the "three hundred" inhabitants of that cheerful place are a set of narrow bigots, no reasonable man will refuse to believe. As for the "Lover of Truth," if he had signed himself a "Lover of Can't," he would, in some measure, have shown proof of the possession of that quality which he professes to cherish.

For how long, oh self-called "Lover of Truth," must we ask you why we may not do as the Creator commanded, and make of the Sabbath a day of recreation and of rest? For how long must we remain in ignorance of the reason why it is moral and proper, on that day, to ride in a private carriage, but impious to take advantage of a public car? For how long must we of the press fight the battle of the poor workman and entreat for him, his wan wife and his pale-faced children, an easy escape from the close cramped city, and a breath of the fresh air of the fields on this, his only holiday? For how long must we vainly recall to you, that passage in the Book whose precepts you pretend to follow, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?" For how long, finally, must we inveigh against that bigotry in you that would make religion repulsive, and present our Maker, not as a God of mercy, but as a God of sacrifice?

Until you can answer these things let us have no more such sanctimonious bosh, as that which comes to us from the bigots of Bergen.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN."

James appears to be in trouble. James has not confided his anxieties and worriments to our sympathising boosum, but, you see, our Instinct has ferreted out our startling tale. Instinct is a great invention. Equal to Sewing Machine. Howe do we know? Why, because.

J. B. has been to Old Point Comfort. Couldn't stay. Why not James? Was there not Comfort to be had there? No Balm in Gilead? Or, too much Point there? Were the bites and stings of mosquitos, sand-flies, conscience and such insects too many for you? Is it to escape such small annoyances that you have fled to Bedford Springs? We fear, James, that neither there nor elsewhere will your bed (af) ford springs that will make matters easy.

We feel for you, James: we are sorry for you. We may not look as if we were, but we are. Sorry with a sorrow that is perfectly irrepressible in view of the not-too-much-to-be-deplored fact that an "old public functionary" whose trembling "limbs" are giving way under the bond of 93 years of unremitting services, cannot be dispensed with for six months to come. Oh! wretched VI months! Oh! ye rainy and otherwise disagreeable 6! how can ye stand it! What can we do to help you? We'll give you out, and three on next game? Is it a bargain?

We have an Idea! An idea of the cause of James' uneasiness; of the source of the difficulty between him and his conscience, yet, there is in it (conscience or difficulty—just as you choose) much heathenism: much barbarity: also cruelty, etc: therefore we hesitate to permit ourselves—to say nothing of the community whose guardian we are—to believe that such things *can be!* Still, our first duty as Journalists is to outstrip our neighbors in publishing Exclusive Intelligence from Our Own Correspondent. (Assisted by Instinct aforesaid.)

Consequently we shall, in the words of the poet,

"—*pitch in.*"

This great Idea—this Big Thing has been progressing quietly but with irrepr—no—got that in already—sistible force for several weeks.

Read, mark, learn and inwardly, etc., etc.

James is being punished! *Punished in a barbarous manner!* after the manner of the Chinese! Punished by being kept awake—Wide Awake—never suffered to close his eyes even—*till he gives up the ghost!*—all he has to give up; not much to speak of, to be sure. Old Rye won't save him.

Bands of ruffians are forming daily—nightly—whose war cry is "*à la lanterne.*" They are divided into reliefs and are regularly drilled in the means of inflicting this terrible chastisement on Ancient James. And they do inflict it! We have seen them do it! We could even name the ringleaders but we refrain; for obvious motives.

Oh! what a Fate of Astair's is this!!

As Humananthropists, as philitarians we suggest—we entreat James, that you should, in order to escape these unpleasant things, cause yourself to be conveyed in some appropriate manner to some appropriate place—to—yes—upon the whole, we advise the uninhabited-and-able island called "No Man's Land." Good place to "loaf and invite *a* soul;" you'll need one, James. There may be one or two small coves to extend to you a left-handed sort of arrangement: *you* might call it Friendship. They would not rob you; they couldn't. 2 from 1 you can't.

Go there; bury your head in the sand, James; begin to repent; say you'll never do so again—*nor anybody like you*—sell all your old clothes; dye your hair: your eyelashes; dye—dye anything; die yourself, and then when things have been once more "set to rights"—we may, perhaps, James, say in 1960, forgive you—*Good-evening.*

The Vanity Fair "Wee One."

[*Scene—A Sunday School on Murray Hill*]

Rev. Doctor (*to the catechism class*).—By what name, my children, do we designate one who has been baptized? (*No answer. The class generally mystified*).

Rev. Doctor (*explaining*).—For instance, what should we call a young man, say his name were John, after he had received baptism.

The Vanity Fair "Wee One." (*Quickly*) Oh! John the Baptist, sir.

[Where is Harper's "four-year-old now, we should like to know?" Ed. V. F.]

A Fact.

To the editor of a comic paper, of all men in the world, absent-mindedness is most dangerous, since it is plain that he can do nothing until he has Collected his Wits.

VANITY FAIR.

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